GLASTONBURY 97

SELECT MAGAZINE

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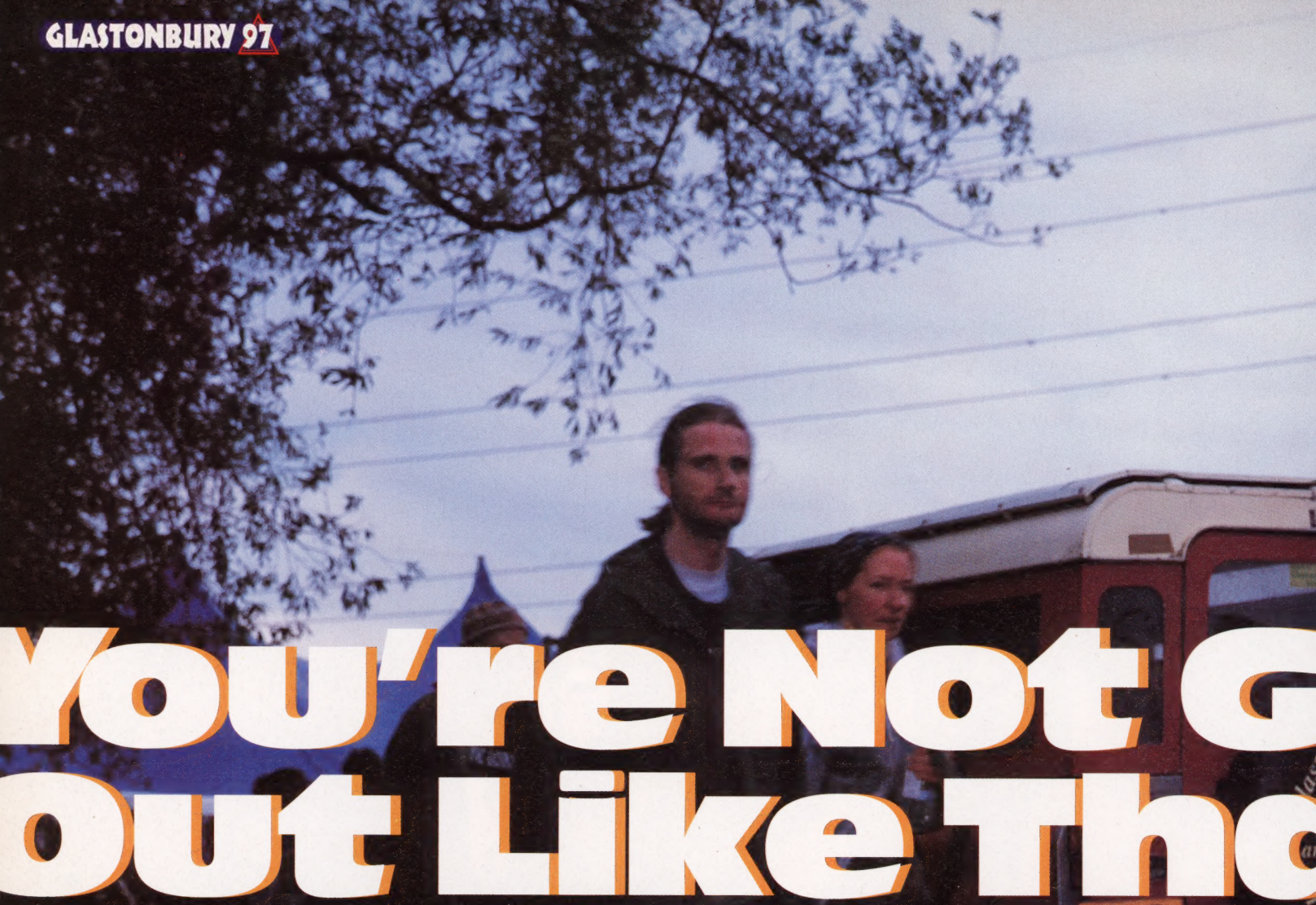
CHRIS TAYLOR

We Won!

...But it was a hard slog. 72 hours were spent battling the elements, and yet this year's Glastonbury Festival was one of the best ever. If you were there, save this supplement for your grandchildren. If not, read on...

16 PAGES FROM THE WORLD'S BEST WEEKEND
BECK CHOICE REVIEWS BACKSTAGE CHAT-FEST
CHEMICAL BROTHERS THE FULL SODDEN STORY



You're Not G Out Like Tho

Teatime at the Pyramid Stage on Friday. The mud-slingers were poised ready, and there was no shortage of ammo. Cue Beck Hansen: the pint-sized icon who was Glasto's first true hit...

"Tonight the city is full of morgues
And all the toilets are overflowing
There's shopping malls coming out of the walls
As we walk out among the manure..."
Beck's 'Pay No Mind (Snoozer)', *released three years before Glastonbury '97.*

"You know, there are people in Los Angeles who'd pay $100 an hour for this. Over there they call it radical mud therapy."

Beck Hansen is standing next to a foul-smelling hippie art bin in the middle of the great lake of brown ooze now eddying from the right of the main stage. His noticeably undersized desert boots are sinking slowly beneath the bubbling surface and his plastic burgundy safari jacket is providing little protection against the inclement weather. Does he care? Yes he does, a little.

"We've played muddy festivals before," he reveals. "One particular one in Austria was about five times worse than this. But I have to say that I didn't bring the proper attire for an English mudfest. I shall now repair myself to the bus."

Beck speaks like this all of the time – arcane English diction delivered in a loping West Coast drawl. It's like listening to a landed country gent attempting a rather unsuccessful impersonation of some California weedhead. Such a refined demeanour, coupled with his rather dandy attire, would suggest a performer completely at odds with the vast freeform mud-in that is Glasto '97. This is further compounded by the fact that his band all appear to be stumbling around the industrial-strength glue terrain in pristine white Nike trainers.

They can't be blamed for this. Festivals weren't very common in Beck's home territory of Southern California.

"There was one festival in the early '80s called the Us Festival," remembers Beck, now warming up in the band's enormobus. "It was somewhat gargantuan, about a million people. But it was very strange because it was when metal was at its peak: Van Halen and Stevie Nicks playing to oceans of people out in the desert in 100 degree heat."

Despite his repartee conjuring up an image of a young man at home in a Victorian study, wrapped in velvet smoking jacket and studying obscure late-'70s hip hop, Beck is a huge festival fan.

"I like the idea of the temporary city," he says, peeling a scab of brown stuff off his drainpipe trews. "I guess it's part of the culture here because it's been done for so long. If the

continued over

WORDS BY **ANDREW MALE** PHOTOS BY **MICK HUTSON**

Flowering of a generation: an uncertain Beck gets a close look at the audience's ammunition before taking the stage

oing it!

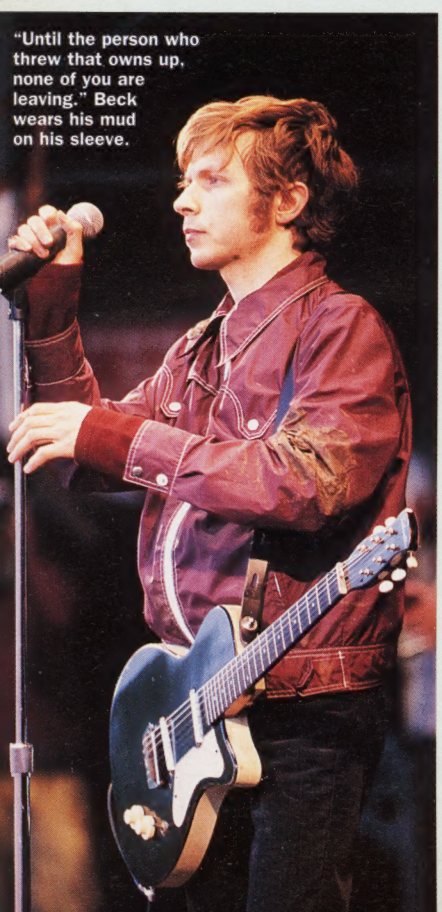
The point of no return: Beck awakens the Glastonbury spirit

weather had been better we'd be walking around, checking out the Prodigy. I'd have brought some big boots to stomp around in. These are a medium, somewhat ineffectual boot. Everyone's spraying mud everywhere and I'm the sprayee."

Understandably, the band are also bugged that the Somerset elements are conspiring against their usual sartorial display.

"There might be certain attire that we can't sport," laments the singer, referring to his now-famous penchant for appearing on stage in Grand Old Opry rhinestones. "Apparently there is mud throwing."

He pauses, looking a little downcast. "We've really been looking forward to this gig all year."



"Until the person who threw that owns up, none of you are leaving." Beck wears his mud on his sleeve.

YES, THERE IS MUD-THROWING. LOTS OF IT. There are two reasons for this: the mud, and the simple fact that the current main stage performers are The Levellers. Beck's band, not unreasonably, are preparing for the worst. "We welcome the challenge," stresses Beck's devil-lunged bassist Justin. "We enjoy it."

At that moment, the band's road manager Chris comes in to announce that The Levellers have come off but the rain of slurry is persisting. "Your harmonica just got taken out," he informs the worried looking vocalist, "and now they're going for the pre-amp."

Beck is understandably wary, muttering, seemingly to himself, that, "It's OK, I've gotten mouthfuls of mud before". A minute prior to his entrance, he hurriedly changes out of his plastic burgundy safari jacket into a more sensible lilac windcheater. Initially this seems like a wise move, for as the diminutive heartthrob American and his geek wrecking crew take the stage, a considerable volley of dirt hits the deck.

'Thunder Peel' is delivered under a hail of brown boot cheese, some particularly unsavoury gobbets smacking painfully into the little guy's head and shoulders. However, halfway into the robotic breakbeat suave of third song 'Novocaine', the sod-lobbing suddenly stops and, miraculously, everyone in the festival suddenly appears to be jumping up and down with completely unreasonable grins on their grime-pocked faces.

Sensing his sudden shamanic power, Beck shifts into call-and-response hip hop mode, yelling, "All the freaks over there! Give it up another 15 per cent." By the time he tumbles into 'New Pollution' and the dreamy grunge singalong of 'Loser', it seems Beck can do no wrong, even when he tries to.

Despite shifting into the decidedly non-festival Smokey Robinson slow-jam of 'Debra', everyone continues going insane, causing him to break down in tears in mock emulation of a young, white James Brown. Soon the whole band are sham-weeping, and Beck is slamming into the lunatic vogueing of 'Sissyneck'.

It gets better and stranger. During a decidedly surreal acoustic rendition of 'Asshole', two filth-encrusted punters casually walk onto the stage, shake Beck by the hand and saunter off, waving to the crowd as they go. Such other-worldliness is only compounded by a rampantly stoopid rendition of 'Where It's At'.

"It's like when you try to create immunity to a virus, you have to expose them a little bit. We infected them. They have the Beck virus inside them now."

After a spooky slow motion version of 'Devil's Haircut' the band exit, only to return with their chief bedecked in ludicrously impractical rhinestone cowboy attire. Miraculously, it remains perfectly clean.

BACKSTAGE, AND THE BAND ARE ELATED. "IT was in the great tradition," quips Panama hat-sporting drummer Joey, "like those rockabilly bands who tour the Southern states and get assaulted with a hail of beer bottles."

"We let go," reasons Beck. "I'd say that it all went pretty well."

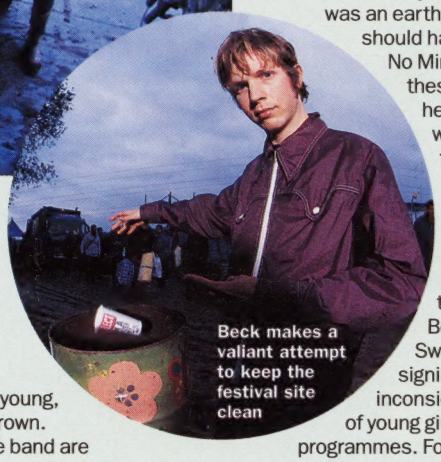
On the band's ability to stem the shower of jettisoned crap, the singer is forthright. "We managed to convince them we were with them," he muses. "I think they felt like it would be throwing mud at themselves. We made it our prerogative to become unhittable moving targets. They were fairly enthusiastic for a group of people standing in a giant field of sludge."

What about those two grinning fools who took the stage? Friends of the Beck camp?

"No. I noticed them earlier," he says, "I think they were among the people throwing the mud. It was a peace agreement. They said 'Cheers mate!' I was touched."

"Did you smell that smell?" enquires Joey. "The mud really smells."

"Yeah," agrees Beck, "the earth was giving out some gaseous flavours. I've never smelt anything quite like it. It was an earthy cocktail. We should have played 'Pay No Mind'. That's what these people did here today. They walked out among the manure and they paid no mind to the peculiar stench."



Beck makes a valiant attempt to keep the festival site clean

At that point the aptly-named Beck associate DJ Swamp returns from signing a not inconsiderable number of young girls' Glasto programmes. For such an unassuming, bespectacled chap there appears to be some danger that the young deck wizard is purloining some of Mr Hansen's thunder.

"He should be a star," reckons the singer. "He has a certain mystique. He was like that when I met him, smashing his records and cutting himself up. He definitely made an impression. I hear you've got your own Swampy here... the tunnel guy."

Have you thought about bringing the two of them together – Swampy meets DJ Swamp?

"Well, he's standing in the way of progress, isn't he? A Luddite. That's not DJ Swamp's style. DJ Swamp is only adding to the light. He's singeing eyeballs... it's frightening."

The band's road manager Chris is back at the door of the bus stressing that the band have to leave immediately for Japan. Also, there's the small matter of the mud. If the vehicle is not moved soon it's in danger of sinking into the depths.

The band's modish guitarist Smokey rejoins the bus with his own somewhat askance verdict on the gig. "We infected them!" he boasts. "We were a virus!"

"Yeah," adds Beck, now running with this strangely Glasto-relevant analogy, "it's like when you're trying to create immunity to a virus, you have to expose them to a little bit. We infected them. They have the Beck virus in them now. Next time they will be immune."

"Out!" bellows the devilish Justin, "out from the sludge of the earth!" The tour bus skids wildly out into the night, spewing $100-an-hour radical mud therapy behind it. S

Come Here Often?

Well, yes actually. Republica have been Glasto-ing for years. This time, though, they've been invited...

STORY BY **ROY WILKINSON** PHOTOS BY **CHRIS TAYLOR**

"It was different back then. You'd get tents with a big 'H' on – get your smack here." Swigging steadily of G&T in the backstage beer facility, Republica's Tim Dorney recalls the more upfront retail practices of Glastonbury past.

Republica are clearly no Glasto novices. One-time Flowered Up keyboardist Tim first stepped onto the Avalonian field system in 1984, while guitarist Johnny Male was here in 1982 – as a roadie for '80s Brummie indie greats Felt. This year Republica are the first band on the Pyramid Stage on Saturday but, come Friday lunchtime, they're already firmly embroiled in this year's trenchfoot ethos. Momentarily dumbstruck by the sight of a passing Joe Strummer, Johnny recovers with a sip of liquor before casting his mind back to the glorious festival glow of ancient times.

"Basically," he ventures, "we used to come down to take acid and exist in another world for the entire weekend. One year we set up this thing we called The Tardis – you'd come into the tent, take a sniff of amyl, do a hot-knife, then a shot of tequila and go out through another door. Happy times... I remember driving in on a Thursday morning once and watching this stark-naked bloke having a pitched battle with three policemen. All due respect to the fellow, but it's not really how to pace yourself is it?"

Eyeing the enveloping quagmire, Tim turns his mind to this year's hootenanny.

"It's not too much of a get together this year," he decides. "More of a survivalist weekend really. I've brought my crossbow and I'm setting up a stall selling rabbit snares..."

While Tim and Johnny sink further into the ale tent, joyously trumping one another with hedonistic tales of yore, Republica frontperson Saffron takes a different approach to festival life. Though she's attended three previous Glastonburys – including going down with botulism in 1995 – she's also a long-standing teetotaller.

This year she's been at Glasto since early Friday morning, reviewing the likes of Smashing Pumpkins for Radio 1 and bumping into a couple of OAP ladies with prayer books. It seems they'd wandered onto the site while attempting to get to their local church. But, for perma-jolly Saff, festival traumas have centred on things other than one-stop heroin outlets and loosing your way to your place of worship.

"I had a problem with my festival preparation," she reveals while awaiting the Prodigy set on chill Friday night. "I burnt my head. I was putting on some new hair dye specially for tomorrow and it trickled onto my forehead in my sleep. So I woke up with a bright red, chemical-burn head. I tried to scrape it off, but that made it worse."

"HELLLOOO, GLASTONBURY... ARE YOU gonna 'ave it then? We're REPUBLICARRR!"

Bursting onstage to a recording of The Moscow State Choir doing 'The Internationale', Republica display scant Roger Moore-esque understatement as they make their Glasto entrance. Instead they go large on Saffron's super-troupery and the indestructible sound of the techno/FM rock fusion. It may be a mere half hour past midday, but the crowd are soon firmly engaged by means of unabashed enthusiasm, heroically brainless choruses and Saffo's repeated entreaties to "COME ORN, YOU FACKERS!" The latter is habitually followed by a fit of giggles.

By they time they reach ice hockey anthem 'Ready To Go' a moshing throng is doing its best to propel itself upwards out of the sucking earth.

"Come orn you fackers!" Saff has her say.

PETE LAWSON

Ready to go: Republica prepare to techno/FM rock

Meanwhile, one young reveller shows his enthusiasm by kneeling in a foot-deep primordial swamp and thrashing the waters with a length of hosepipe. A clear victory.

Backstage afterwards, drummer Dave Barbarossa sips a Stella and takes time out to celebrate the festival spirit.

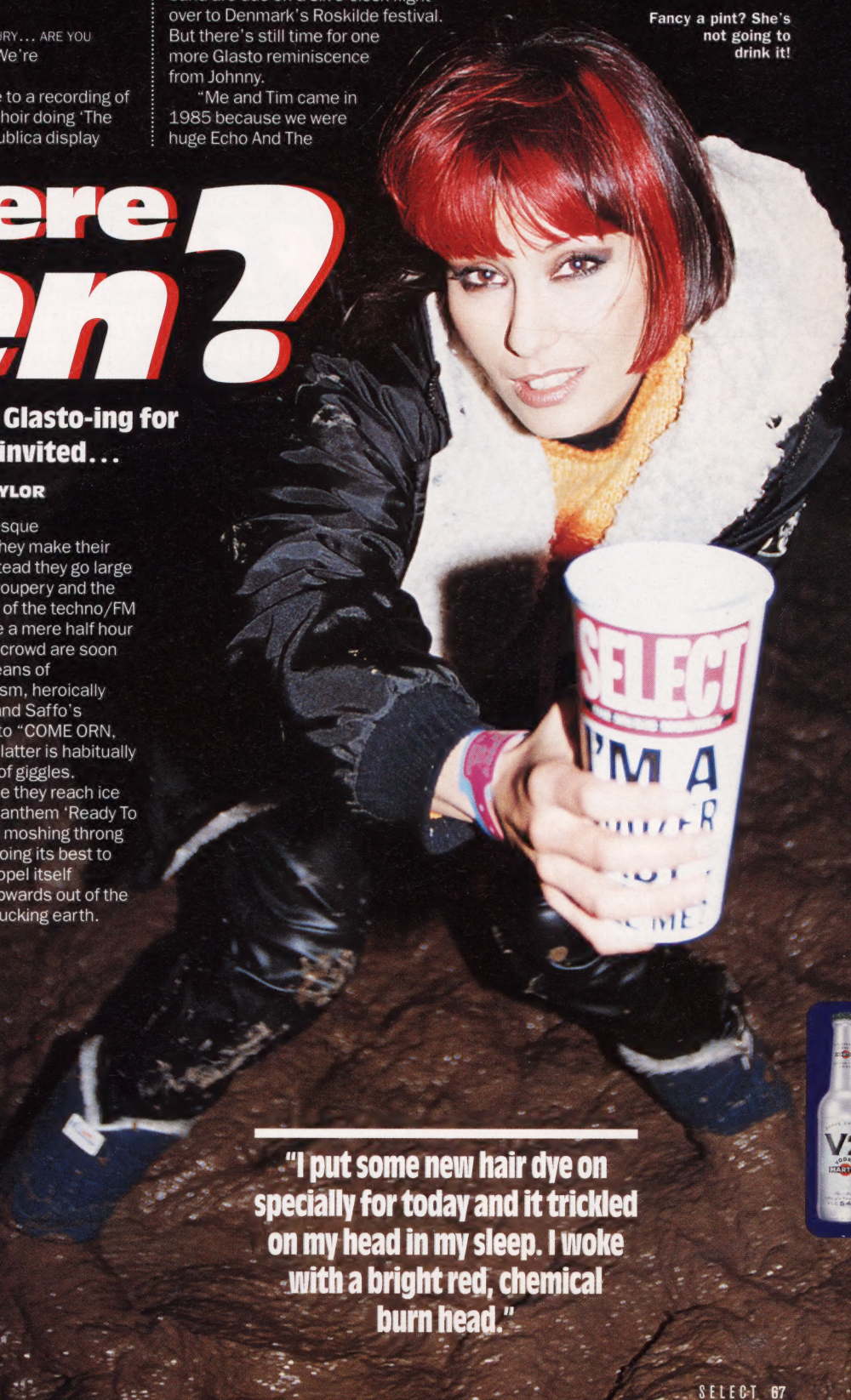
"Which bands have I seen?" bursts the former Adam And The Ants sticksman. "Don't be daft, I just got here. You won't catch me hanging about with a bunch of middle-class tossers in tents."

A rapid exit must be made as the band are due on a six o'clock flight over to Denmark's Roskilde festival. But there's still time for one more Glasto reminiscence from Johnny.

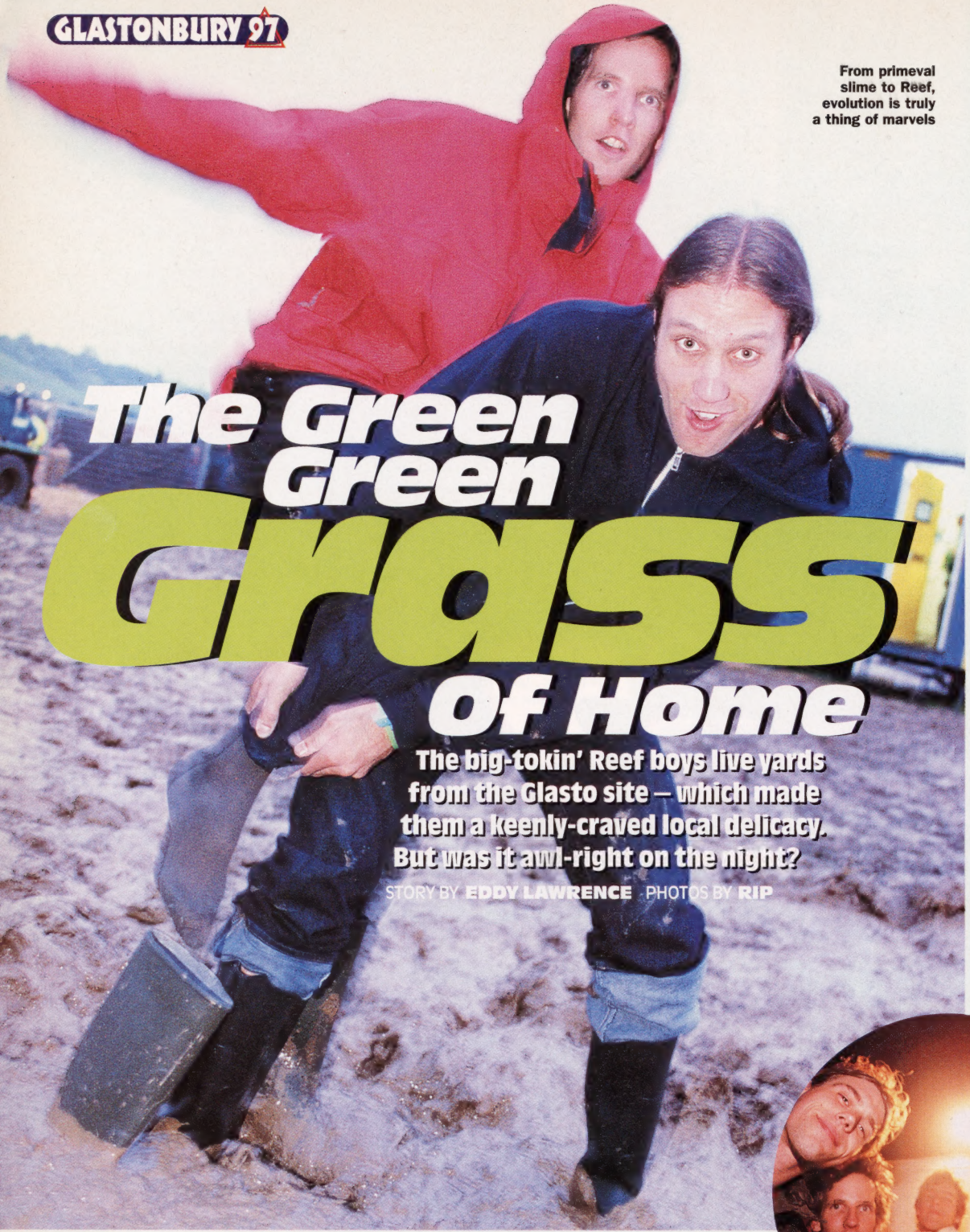
"Me and Tim came in 1985 because we were huge Echo And The Bunnymen fans," he says gazing into the middle distance. "I ended up climbing up the stage and giving Ian McCulloch a firm embrace. Anyhow, two weeks ago we were playing in Milwaukee doing a festival. We ended up on The Bunnymen's Winnebago, so I told Ian McCulloch about climbing up on stage and hugging him. He just sort of mumbled and says, 'Aye, yeah, I always wondered what twat used to do that...'"

With this, Johnny boards Republica's festival escape vehicle. Who knows, maybe in future years he'll able to dispense similarly acerbic judgement. So beware young man, and go easy on those tales of the time you hose-whipped the puddles to 'Ready To Go'. S

Fancy a pint? She's not going to drink it!



"I put some new hair dye on specially for today and it trickled on my head in my sleep. I woke with a bright red, chemical burn head."



From primeval slime to Reef, evolution is truly a thing of marvels

The Green Green Grass Of Home

The big-tokin' Reef boys live yards from the Glasto site – which made them a keenly-craved local delicacy. But was it awl-right on the night?

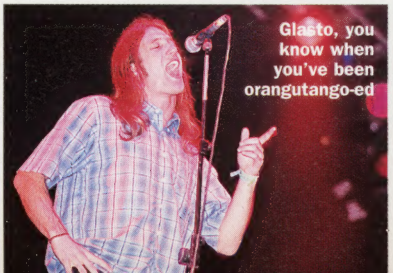
STORY BY **EDDY LAWRENCE** PHOTOS BY **RIP**

"This is gonna be brilliant," gushes Jack Bessant, hyperactive with anticipation of forthcoming headline glory. "Your Astorias and your Brixton Academys are your bread and butter... but *this* is your desserts."

Rrrrrock is coming home. However, a mere two hours before Glastonbury lads Reef are scheduled to top the second stage at their hometown festival, plans for mud-conquering local hero-dom have been thrown into disarray. It seems the crowd standing in the mire up to their calves at the Other Stage may have to make do with an hour-long freeform bass jam. With the big moment approaching, only bassist Jack – who hiked to the site from his house – has made it through the gates. The rest of the band have been pushed back by the slurry, being transplanted from their no-terrain tourbus to a hardcore jeep. Which got stuck in the mud.

"Yeah, it broke down," recalls Gary Stringer shortly afterwards. "The driver got out and we didn't know what to do, whether to go back and get a Land Rover, and I was going *[assumes Farmer Giles burr]* 'Come aaarn, we can get 'er out', and I got in the front seat, the lads got out and pushed. It was, brrrm brrrm, and we drove the fucker out."

As Glasto natives (living sadly just outside the West Bradwell catchment area that entitles you to free tickets), Reef have seen many of Mr Eavis' shindigs. But have they ever seen one with worse conditions than this? There is a long pause. "No," says Gary, rather poignantly.



Glasto, you know when you've been orangutango-ed

He isn't lying. The second stage is a scene of such brown ooze devastation that it has been closed for much of the day. Worse still, the loving attention of mosh-happy audiences for Placebo and Ash has not wholly aided the situation. "It's like the Somme," moans guitarist Kenwyn House. "The ravers better not blow any whistles, that's all I can say, or they'll start going over the top."

Rumours have circulated that the whole stage is in peril of sinking into the bog like a pool ball in a blancmange. Gary, however, is stoical in the face of his potential demise. "If the stage goes down, like a captain I'll go down with her. We'll salute the crowd as we go."

The swamp is now encroaching on Reef's Portakabin. As Jack is called away for an equipment test, his sensible house rule – "no boots on the right side of the room" – goes with him. Once Jack is out of the area, Gary explains why he's worried enough to give his kit an 11th hour check.

"When we came on stage two years ago, it was the biggest gig we'd ever done, and we walked out and thought, 'Fucking hell, look at all these people'. We were a bit shocked – Jack was just staring at his amp. I went, 'You alright, mate?' and he said, *[in feeble quavery voice]* 'All me knobs are on ten, Gar' – he was in a daze cos of how many people were there. I said, 'Well turn 'em down', and he said, 'Oh yeah', and managed to start playing."

DESPITE THE CHAOS AND WORRY, REEF HAVE about 20,000 new friends mainlining off Glastonbury's much-celebrated Dunkirk spirit. Gary's incitements to jump around and be a monkey are somewhat hampered by the crowd's inability to separate their tootsies from the suction of the field – but there's appreciative knee-bending in abundance, along with fist-punching, devil signs and an air of joviality that's a little incongruous given the surroundings.

In truth, much of it is down to the simple invincibility of Reef's songs. 'Come Back Brighter' and (of course) 'Place Your Hands' would sound great in the midst of an earthquake-blasted shanty town – which means they easily transcend the mere goo of Glastonbury's muddiest day.

Afterwards, however, Reef are in need of reassurance. Despite hammering out a performance which probably exceeded Gary's hopes, the atmosphere of swamped-up chaos means they're not sure whether or not they pulled it off.

"It was... *hard,*" breathes Kenwyn. "It was like the blind leading the blind, but it worked! We fell down the stairs, but we managed to land on our feet."

Stoned circles: Reefer madness in the backstage enclave

So what now – are Reef going to stick around, or do they have the headliner blues that come from having no one to watch after yourself?

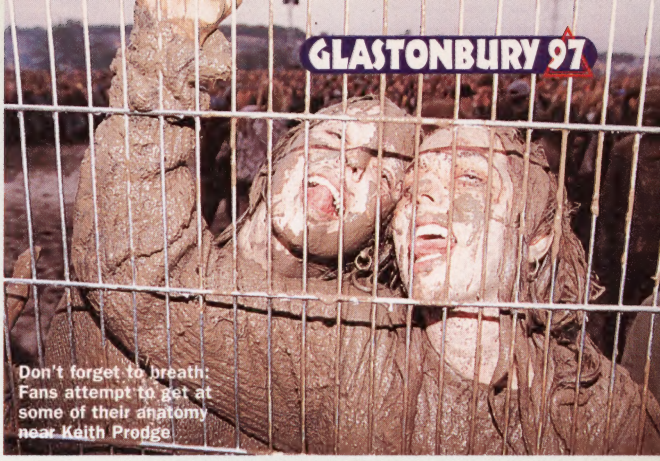
"There's plenty of things to do at Glastonbury," says Gary. "That's the thing about it – as long as you've got a few quid in your back pocket, you just go off for a wander. Although, if it pours down, I might just pop home and have a hot shower."

Kenwyn is more philosophical about his plans. "Basically, it's a decision between getting completely out of it really early and staying that way or just going somewhere nice and staying outside the site."

It seems fate may have already cast the decision. "There's always loads of sound systems. I always find myself at four in the morning in some little tent, off my *fucking head.* You know, 'This little tent man... it's the best thing I've ever seen'. Even in this weather, it's excellent." S

Escape To Victory!

Your mudball-by-mudball breakdown of how this year's Glasto was rescued from disaster. It was the Strummer what done it!



Don't forget to breath: Fans attempt to get at some of their anatomy near Keith Prodge

WEDNESDAY

4pm An admirable crowd of early arrivals are waking up to the fact that Worthy Farm is soon going to resemble a vast cow pat.

4.50pm The first celebrity is spotted. Ex-Clash boss **Joe Strummer** is sitting by his campfire in the company of Bez. "We ain't beaten, man," he tells *Select*.

5.30pm On account of alleged Radio 1 reports, everyone now seems convinced that **Oasis** will be playing on Saturday night. The Festival Authorities will neither confirm or deny the whispers.

5.47pm It starts peeing it down in earnest.

8pm It is still peeing it down in earnest.

12am Despite the increasingly hostile conditions, some are partying up like monkeys. At the stone circle, *Select* finds a gaggle of didgeridoo players holding their instruments against the stones. "The stones hold all sound," they gush.

4.38am Dawn is not a pretty sight.

THURSDAY

10.20amThe festival starts to discipline itself. The outside world forms its rather hasty verdict. "Rain has brought the Glastonbury Festival to its knees," says the level-headed, kid-friendly Radio 1.

12.15pm Rumours are now running as thick as Glastonbury's liquid earth. Oasis are playing, on Sunday. So are **The Rolling Stones**. Unfortunately, **Radiohead** aren't. Neither are the **Prodigy**. **60 Ft Dolls** make everyone feel better by faxing the site to assure punters they're on their way.

1.12 pm Cold air, gusting winds and heavy showers. Rumours hurtling up the M4 from London say the festival will be called off.

2.30pm Traffic coming into the festival is now at a complete standstill. One eventual arrival says that travelling three miles took him six hours.

6.10pm The organisers announce a series of emergency measures. People can sleep in the Hare Krishna and church tents (without fear of flashing lights, 'debriefings', etc), bin bags are available and coaches are now going *to* Castle Cary station as well as from it.

7pm Queues for the phones spider as far as the nearby beer tent, ie enough to piss you off.

11pm Joe Strummer and **Bez** have been joined by **Keith Allen**. "Joe's right," he says. "We're not beaten"

1.50am The minds behind the site's best homeopathic tent say that they're likely to be providing remedies for colds, rheumatism and upset stomachs. "But a bit of a cold isn't bad for your immune system," they assure us.

4am The **Joe Strummer** bonfire scene is in full effect. Bez has the most no-nonsense approach to the mud: "It doesn't matter if the mire's up to your waist."

FRIDAY

7am The first proper day. Tents have been washed away, and there is an official wellie shortage. Paul Neller, 26, has come armed only with a pair of suede loafers. "I'm fucked," he weeps.

11.20am Latest rumours: **Massive Attack** aren't coming, **Primal Scream** neither. **Radiohead** might, and **Oasis** definitely are.Talk of **The Rolling Stones** has ceased.

11.33am At The Other Stage, a small clutch of people, who are either wondering where **The Family Of Free Love** are (56-1) or waiting for **Embrace** (evens) receive bad news: "Technical difficulties," says a stagehand. "This stage is going to be out of action for some time."

12.30pm The inaugural uplifting bit, **Echo And The Bunnymen**, are ripper. It becomes clear what The Other Stage's problems are: a crash barrier has been deemed too weak, and the mud too deep.

1pm Ten bands are struck from The Other Stage bill, including the **Ben Folds Five**, stranded in a Land-Rover some three miles from the site. Glamorous Other Stage victim Lauren out of **Kenickie** tells *Select*: "We're just waiting to get paid and then we're fucking off." **The Seahorses** prepare to depart.

1.47pm "You can't just fuck off," says Joe Strummer. "You've got to grapple with the elements, man."

3pm **The Levellers** are roundly pelted with mud, as the phone queue stretches to the Baguette Stand (quite a long way when you think about it).

5pm **Beck** is the first decisive splash-down performance. The mood begins to turn.

5.35pm Latest rumours: Oasis, Pyramid stage on Saturday. No Primal Scream. Definitely. There is another rumour that someone has died on-site. Tragically, it's true, as police confirm that they have found the body of a 43-year-old man.

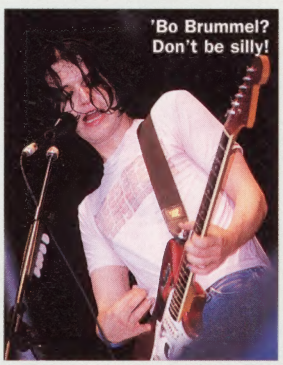
6pm The second stage will re-open at 7.20 with **Placebo**. The Seahorses celebrate with more special Golden Grahams, and later wrestle with a mud-weary crowd.

6.35pm The **Prodigy** arrive at Glastonbury. Keith celebrates by kissing mud-soaked fans through a mesh fence.

11.22pm After taking the stage at 10.45pm, the **Prodigy** suffer a technical rupture. They eventually return, but their set doesn't really recover.

11.56pm **Mr Methane** goes on at the Comedy Tent. He can play 'Driving In My Car' by Madness out of his arse.

3am "I'm into the farting kind of thing," says Joe Strummer, once


'Bo Brummel? Don't be silly!

again holding court around the fire. "It's flatulence that's going get us through this thing, you know? You gotta let it out."

SATURDAY

8.23am On the way to breakfast, *Select* encounters Dave Spencer, 23, one of Glastonbury's bin-rooters. "I tell you," he says, "this is the best thing about the festival. You wouldn't believe what you find in these things – yesterday we got a whole box of 12 cans of Fosters."

10am More rumours. On Sunday night, **Noel Gallagher** will join **Paul McCartney** on the Pyramid Stage for an hour's set of Beatles songs.

11.20am Comments about the festival's improved mood now have the decisive ring of truth. It's going to be alright.

12.30pm A Gallagher arrives on

The 'Nick: "fucked off" only after thrilling read

the site! It's Paul Gallagher. Which might explain the chinese whisper-type derivation of "Noel Gallagher and Paul McCartney."

1pm The phone queues aren't as long, and there've been deliveries of wellies and tents from Oxfam.

3pm Queues snake for miles at the *Select* signings tent – proof of normal festival life.

3.20pm **Kula Shaker** agree to perform a second set on the Pyramid Stage on Sunday, given that the "special guest" slot is still free. So no Oasis.

4.04pm One final change to the bill is mooted. If **Steve Winwood** is still ill on Sunday, **Ash** will gladly step into the breach. Judging by the state of Mark Hamilton, this may be somewhat rash.

6.17pm "It's too bad if Winwood's ill," says Joe Strummer, "he's older than me, man – what's he playing for anyhow?"

7pm **Dodgy** begin an hour and a half-long triumph as the mud slowly firms up to a gluey consistency. Michael Eavis stops by the *Select* portakabin for a quick interview. "This is a festival people will be talking about for years," he beams, "saying they were there and they survived it. That's the thing."

9.50pm **The Chemical Brothers** take to The Other Stage. Strangely, there is a microphone set up on the stage. Despite much 'Setting Sun'-related speculation, no-one sings into it. Not even Beth Orton.

11.23pm **Radiohead** play 'Creep'. They're already act of the festival, but this puts the tin lid on it. The

The Dodgy pen state

Feets Per Minute comedy troupe are reportedly "gutted".

12.45am Finally free to wander to the site's fringes, people go for strolls. The Stone Circle's rammed

3.07am Three people from Huddersfield are creating a huge sculpture made out of crisp bags near the Jazz World stage. "It's George Formby," they titter. "We were going to do Rod Hull but we ran out of Prawn Cocktail flavour."

SUNDAY

8.15am Fresh rumours gleaned from frazzled Sacred Space dawn campfires include Paul Gallagher's presence being an elaborate smokescreen to cover Oasis' surprise secret appearance.

10.30am The realisation dawns that all bands on today are shit. The warm, dry cabaret tent with matting mysteriously fills up.

11.10am The stamped-down earth around the dance tent, which leaves few earthy marks on clothing, becomes the new epicentre for hangage.

11.15am **Kula Shaker** are definitely confirmed as Special Guests. Tonight as well, that is.

1.10pm The rainy summer is deemed good for mushrooms by some wandering longhairs. Others consider the possibility of staying until Wednesday.

2pm The general mood is to leave after **Daft Punk** (onstage at 11pm)

3.55pm **Symposium** bound on stage and, determined to make a name for themselves, invite the crowd to fling mud at them. Shit rains. They throw some of it back.

4.35pm A shouty woman like a primary school teacher who can't control the kids appears and threatens to close the Other Stage if people don't stop throwing mud. Alleges that it will all be the fault of "you wankers". The Other Stage continues as normal.

5.10pm The main gate has the air of an abandoned foxhole. People wander in and out, although the majority are moving in the latter direction.

5.40pm **Pavement** have had their luggage 'misplaced', and as such are forced to walk around the site with placcy bags for shoes. By now a significant number of the crowd are carrying rucksacks and tents.

6.50pm Just before Mr Sunshine clocks off, the first beams of iridescent light shaft through clouds, just like when ET's spaceship arrives.

7.05pm **Steve Winwood** is ill. Ash take his place.

8.35pm **Echobelly**

1.10am The Sacred Space is very cold. The combined body warmth of hippies is doing little to stave the chill. The banging on stones begins anew.

4.53am Stone banging is almost drowned out by teary and monged goodbyes. A tremendous sense of survival prevails. As ever, Joe was right.

GLASTONBURY 97

A true 'Head: Yorky taps the collective unconscious

Paper tigers: some real cats get with the *Select* Literacy Initiative

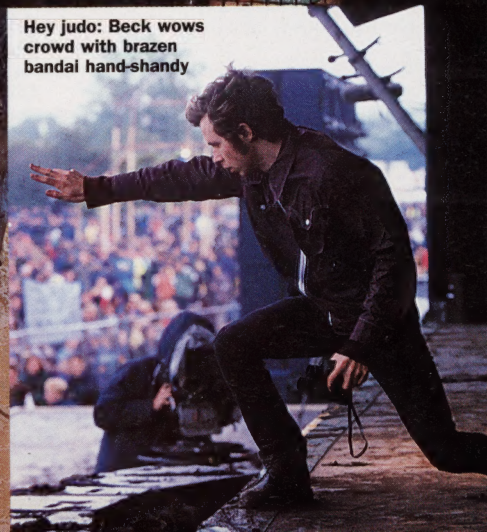
Son of the soil Lee Mavers finally awakes from 1991's compost maypole sojourn

Theakston's old peculiar: Jamie in bizarre log-jam interlude

Ocean Colouring-in-book Scene: Craddock, joined-up writing and everything

Only slavish discipline kept the festival loud and healthy

Symposium bass player gamely attempts booze buy

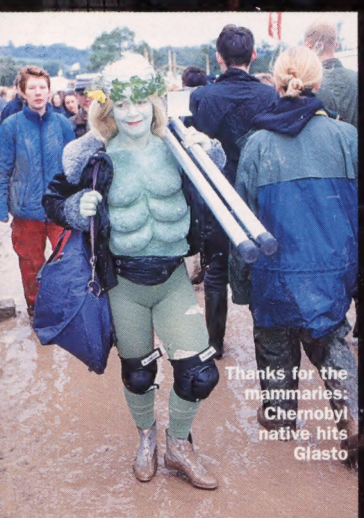


Hey judo: Beck wows crowd with brazen bandai hand-shandy

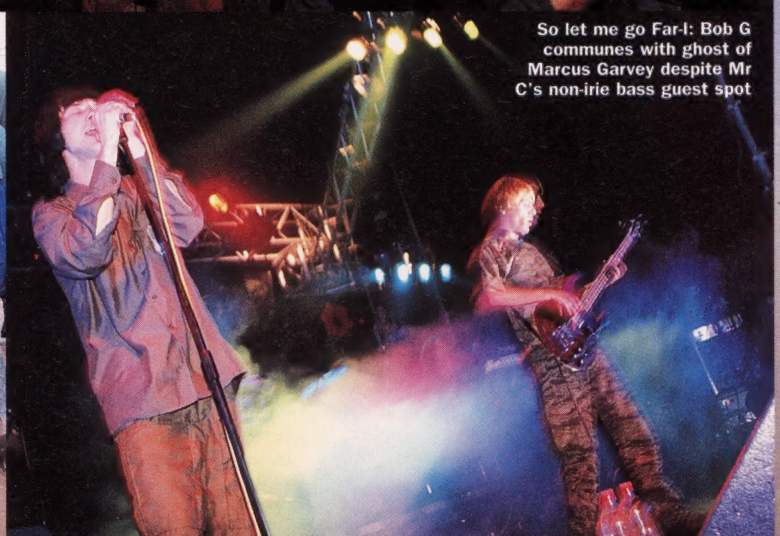
Flint stoned? junglist Keith cracks thousand-yardie stare

Who's been ET-ing the pies? Not this skinny UFO goon

Friday morning evacuation offer prompts lively response

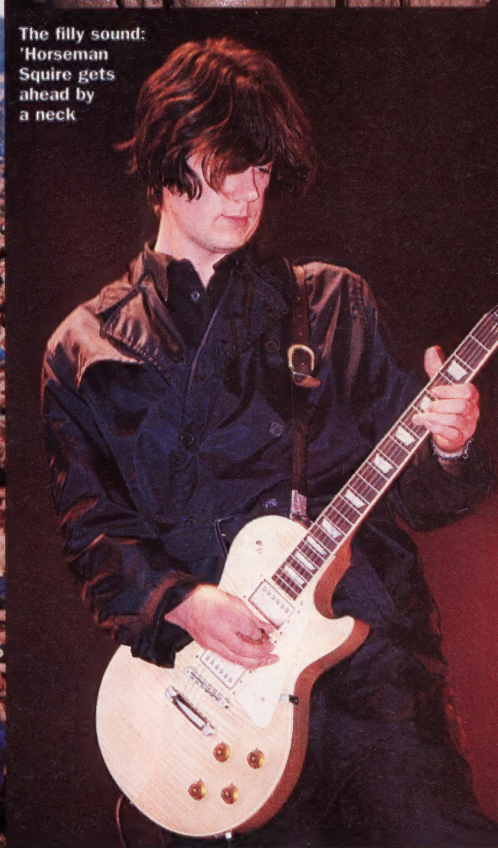


Thanks for the mammaries: Chernobyl native hits Glasto



So let me go Far-I: Bob G communes with ghost of Marcus Garvey despite Mr C's non-irie bass guest spot

Swinging in the rain: girl-on-girl action diverts attention from Jazz Stage

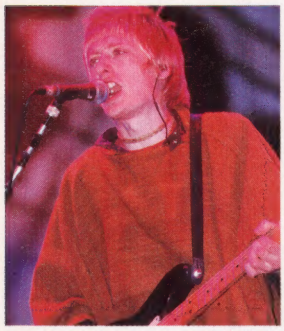


The filly sound: 'Horseman Squire gets ahead by a neck

Reservoir bogs: toilet overflow leads to mouth-watering new spud recipe

GILES DULEY, MICK HUTSON, RIP, CHRIS TAYLOR & PETE LAWSON

THE SWAMP



Kula Shaker

Other Stage, Saturday 11.30pm

The 'Shaker backdrop is lined with arcane symbolism, but it's going to take more than that to stop them being more wank than ankh. Crispo appears in an Arthurian smock and new Angie Bowie hairdo, but the comedy element that initially made them such a hoot has long since palled. They're effectively The Rutles going acid rock.

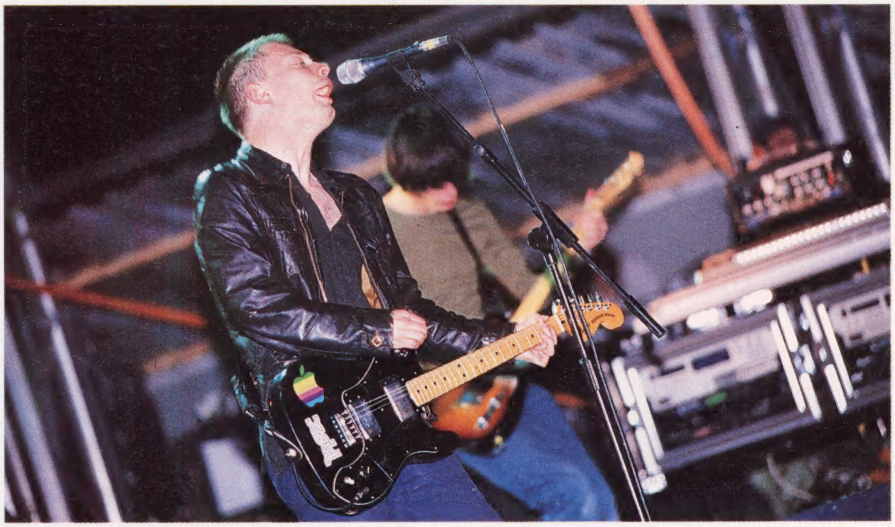
Best Song: 'Fake Plastic Trees', audible from the main stage.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: All the ones where Crispers sounds like one of the crap pro-am messiahs in *Life Of Brian*.

Best Moment: Crowd sniggering at the new hairdo.

Worst Moment: When the audience tries to sing in Indian. They sound like the coolie bloke in *It Ain't Half Hot Mum*.

Overall score: 2/10 **RW**



Radiohead

Pyramid stage, Saturday 10.45pm

It was do or die, really. Glastonbury's filth-caked barrio was the ultimate test of Radiohead's stadium ambition and they danced through it with grace, power and almost comic ease – even a little wit courtesy of the '60s lounge-core intro which reminds us that "summer is a happy time". For all its vaunted difficulty, the 'OK Computer' repertoire shows them flexing muscles we didn't know they had. Live, it's nudged them from blokes with big plans to Premier League figures who make playing out your angst on a stadium backdrop seem pathetically simple. For all their apparent self-obsession and misanthropy, Radiohead are genial performers. Thom Yorke treats the 40,000 crowd with casual intimacy and the hushed murmur as he closes 'Creep' is astonishing. They're Queen with self-esteem problems. He even tempts the elements with 'Paranoid Android''s *"rain down on me"* refrain but, for 90 minutes, you forget about the conditions. The mud could've been neck deep and you wouldn't have given a monkey's because the soundtrack's so sublime. The new U2? Don't be so insulting...

Best Song: 'Creep', just because they did it.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Thom: "Right, I want that light and that light off now! I haven't been able to see one person in the crowd for the whole set. I want to see you lot!" Right on!

Best Moment: Random fireworks across the site in bizarre synchronicity with 'No Surprises'.

Worst Moment: none, actually

Overall Score: 10/10 **GG**

Ocean Colour Scene

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 9pm

"I can't believe we're up here," beams Simon 'Foxy' Fowler. The crown princes of old-schoolery, the 'Scene's entire repertoire sounds like it's rooted back when shillings existed, but the sight of these erstwhile underdogs on the verge of headlining gives this set an aura of proper vindication.

Best Song: 'The Day We Caught The Train'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "Real music, y'know what I mean?"

Best Moment: Clocking Steve Cradock's all-new Rod Hull-esque cap-and-sidies combo.

Worst Moment: Minchella staring into the TV camera and mouthing the words "fuck, fuck, fuck". Lovely.

Overall Score: 7/10 **IH**

The Prodigy

Pyramid Stage, Friday 10.45pm

"Welcome to the best Prodigy cover band in the world – The Australian Firestarters!" So screams Dennis Pennis before the Prodigy come on. But! This year's Prodgefest is no match for 1995's. Despite mucho monkeying from Keith, the performance is a heart-breaking casualty to the elements.

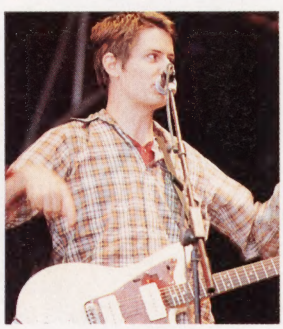
Best Song: 'Funky Shit'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "A hurricane couldn't stop us!" claims Maxim.

Worst Moment: Whena bit of old-skool British Summer stops them for a few minutes.

Best Moment: With power restored, MC Pennis comes back on and leads the crowd through a 'PRODIGY' spelling game. Then the band slam into 'Breathe'.

Overall Score: 6/10 **JM**



Pavement

Other Stage, Sunday 6.05pm

Pavement buck the Glasto '97 trend of relying on (or shamelessly plugging) the new album. Much of the material played here comes from the ace-but-old 'Slanted And Enchanted', which has long been the perfect accompaniment to melancholy summer Sunday afternoons. To boot, lines like *"I'm just a boy with a new haircut"* are exactly what you need before buying a plate of spicy potato wedges and drinking yourself blind. Nice work for those who got it.

Best Song: 'Cut Your Hair'

Best On-Stage Ad-Lib: "Um... hey! Hi! Uhhh..."

Best Moment: Ten-foot spotted balloon being dragged over crowd.

Worst Moment: Malkmus creaking about the stage like Tin Man from *The Wizard Of Oz*.

Overall Score: 7/10 **EL**

Stereolab

Other Stage, Saturday 5.55pm

They're not the typical festival band but then this is no longer the typical festival. Soiled faces demand a different kind of sound and Stereolab rock out like James Brown's backing band playing the Croatian Farming Festival. And, fittingly, it starts raining again.

Best Song: The hard-clanging grooves of 'Metronomic Underground'.

Best Ad-Lib: Tim taking the mic to ask for "some Ovaltine, please".

Best Moment: Hordes of groove-hungry punters spotted running away from Cast's feel-good stodge to embrace the 'Lab's 'strength through repetition.'

Worst Moment: Tim Gane wearing white carrier bags over his shoes later on.

Overall Score: 8/10 **AM**

The Aloof

Jazz World, Saturday 5.15pm

The Aloof play with a delicacy that belies their crop-haired, acid ted appearance. They're up against it too, sandwiched between lamentable Womad rejects and 12-piece fusion bands. But they've outgrown their Dance Tent roots spectacularly and singer Ricky's dub warble is now nearing Horace Andy territory.

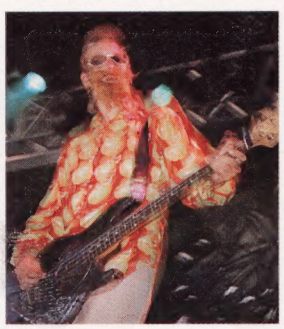
Best Song: 'Wish You Were Here'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "This one's called 'Sinking'", that kind of thing.

Best Moment: Ricky shadow-boxing across the stage like an elasticated Tricky whenever he wasn't singing.

Worst Moment: The 1991 flashback 'Funky Drummer' intro to 'Circumstances'.

Overall Score: 7/10 **GG**



Bentley Rhythm Ace

Dance Tent, Sunday 1.15pm

BRA are made for dicking about on Sunday afternoons. The majority of the packed-out crowd have little chance of seeing the leaping band members with their tracksuits, Benny hats and windscreen decks (with wipers). However, BRA's real appeal lies in the taut funk which underpins their clownery – and the Ace provide a welcome pep for the knackered dance fraternity.

Best Song: 'Run On The Spot'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "Dwoing dwoing dwoing dwoing wacca wacca wacca."

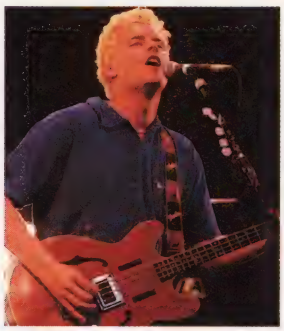
Best Moment: The guitarist pinging his beard.

Worst Moment: Shabby man asking everyone in the crowd for ecstasy.

Overall Score: 9/10 **EL**

SONGS

Edited highlights of the music that slid around the site, brought to you by Select's tireless reviewing troops



Dodgy

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 7pm

In one huge mass shrugging of shoulders, the punter optimism quotient has risen to its highest point thus far, and what better to articulate such an improved early evening mood than a monster one-and-a-half-hour set from Dodgy. With grins firmly fixed, the band saunter on chucking out Dodgy hats and put a seal on the greatest mood turnaround of the late 20th Century!

Best Song: 'Grassman'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Mathew: "We've played every festival since '93. And this is definitely the most... recent."

Best Moment: A finely mulletted Ray Davies enters for a brilliantly shambolic 'Tired Of Waiting'.

Worst Moment: Mathew's solo vocal on 'Water Under The Bridge'.

Overall Score: 9/10 **SU**

Echo And The Bunnymen

Pyramid Stage, Friday 12.30pm

The last time The Bunnymen played Glasto was 1985, when it rained for three days straight and then stopped as soon as they came on. Twelve years later, history pretty much repeats itself. Ian McCulloch's hair has lost its spikiness, but the Bunnymen's romanticism is perfectly, incredibly, intact.

Best Song: 'Do It Clean', d'you know what I mean?

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: McCulloch points to a member of the audience and quips, "Nice shirt".

Best Moment: During 'The Killing Moon', the sun considers showing its face.

Worst Moment: Thy sun has second thoughts. Cheers!

Overall Score: 8/10 **AM**

Cast

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 5.15pm

"Flying through the air," warbles John Power, but this isn't just Tantric Ganja bollocks, because around 300lb of mud is, indeed, flying through the air towards Cast. All the beat-pop staples which make them an agreeable summer prospect sail by, and it becomes clear that this really isn't going to be their afternoon.

Best Song: 'History'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Power: "At least I'm good at writing songs. You're shit at throwing mud."

Best Moment: On the word 'mud', a cannonball of oomska hits him right in the knackers.

Worst Moment: The bloke having a wazz by the crash barrier tapping his foot in time to 'Free Me', but then he was weeing on his shoes as he did so.

Overall Score: 4/10 **CM**

Chemical Brothers

Other Stage, Saturday 9.50pm

After a no-kick-off set from the Prodigy the previous night, there was no doubt who the dancing kings of the weekend were. Even though Noel preferred to keep his weeny trainers clean back at Supernova Heights, it didn't matter. The colours, the dry ice – the complete nocturnal festy experience...

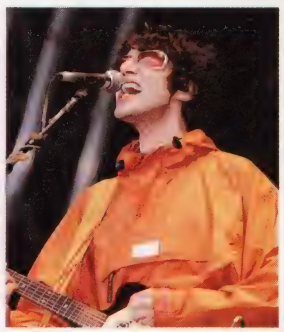
Best Song: 'The Private Psychedelic Reel', replete with eye-blasting flashes.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Oddly, they didn't say much tonight.

Best Moment: The seamless meld from 'Block Rockin' Beats' into 'Leave Home'. Cor!

Worst Moment: Realising that weeble-style dancing is the only option.

Overall Score: 9/10 **EM**



Super Furry Animals

Other Stage, Sunday 4.55pm

Coming across like Supergrass' Welsh cousins, the Super Furries mix a savvy image with mainline accessible trad-rock updates.Tonight, with the vocals nicely the wrong side of John Lennon 1963, and despite the set's predominantly acoustic tilt, SFA rock. Moshing is even in evidence during 'The Man Don't Give A Fuck'. Good stuff.

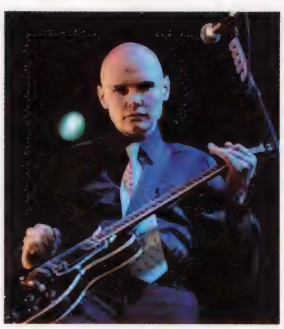
Best song: 'If You Don't Want Me To Destroy You'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "This is a sludgy song for the Sludge Generation" is their finest witticism, bless 'em.

Best Moment: Stage jiving during 'Hermann § Pauline'.

Worst Moment: The speaking bits.

Overall Score: 7.5/10 **EL**



Smashing Pumpkins

Pyramid Stage, Friday 8.30pm

The crowd is still steaming from Supergrass' big jolly-up pop hour when the Pumpkins take the stage and proceed to play 35 minutes of B-sides. Hurrah! If Billy Corgan was as 'sensitive' to global misery as his lyrics suggest, then he wouldn't've 'improvised' another five minutes of '1979'. Billy's dulled, detached existential woe jars miserably.

Best Song: 'The End Is The Beginning Is The End'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: It was no laughing matter, alright?

Best Moment: Zero demand for encores.

Worst Moment: Starting off with 35 minutes of B-sides wasn't so hot.

Overall Score: 3/10 **CM**

Primal Scream

Dance Tent, Saturday 11.30pm

Non-attendance rumour-mongers have had the 'Scream top of their list since Thursday – at which point the band were busy splitting up after a disastrous warm-up gig in Southend. Come stage time, however, the tent is completely impenetrable and, incredibly, the disco-tilted crowd soon go potty for a set that's more a mix of Tim Hardin and *The Harder They Come* than hardcore rave. And more *Altered States* than Altamont. You've never heard the like.

Best Song: 'Kowalski'

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Gillespie: "Woo, alright, Jesus Christ, yeah..."

Best Moment: The whole tent rocking to a cover of 'Motorhead' by Motorhead. The revenge of the dance traitors!

Worst Moment: The total absence of drums on 'Burning Wheel' (matter rectified by the encore's repeat performance).

Overall Score: 9/10 **AP**

Reprazent

Dance Tent, Saturday 7.15pm

Drum 'n' bass was the night-time sound of Glastonbury '97, and Roni Size's Reprazent exemplify the current state of play. The painstaking construction of their junglist HQ means they're over an hour late onstage, but it's worth the wait. MC Dynamite slo-mo marches across the stage like a dance squaddie. Baader-Meinhof with sub-bass, basically.

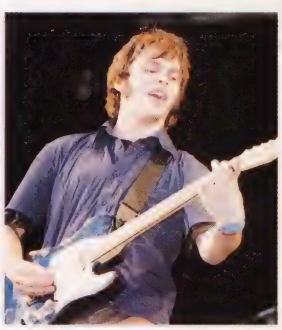
Best Song: 'Share The Fall'.

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: "This one's for everyone with muddy feet".

Best Moment: Their arrival through the shadows, with Size and hardfaced acolytes in calf-length olive parkas.

Worst Moment: The system frequently buckling under the bass load.

Overall Score: 6/10 **GG**



Supergrass

Pyramid Stage, Friday 6.45pm

Drummer Danny's got the Adam Ant-esque dirt-striped face but, unmoved by the mud pools, the 'Grass breeze on in their laid-back clobber and it's clear that mood-elevation is in the offing. A demonically grooving 'Richard III', and the ripping Faces sway-along 'Time' get the people chanting, and 'Alright' delivers the coup de grace: a real jolt of sunshine.

Best Song: 'Alright', what else?

Best Onstage Ad-Lib: Gaz, before 'Strange Ones': "This one's for all the freaks and the weirdos. You all know who you are."

Best Moment: The screens showing Gaz's sideburns.

Worst Moment: 'Sun Hits The Sky', cos it should be as beloved as 'Alright', but isn't.

Overall Score: 7/10 **IH**

IN THE MUD WITH

Meandering pub prattle rescued from the front-line of stardom at Glasto's backstage bar...

GILES DULEY

GOFT DOLLS

TIME: SATURDAY, 1.30PM

Quixotically beshaded Richard Parfitt, Carl Bevan and Mike Cole arrived in a van full of gurning Welsh love thugs.

Mike: "It's weird here in the countryside – we do try to camp it up, but we ain't into camping. We're urbanites, us."

Richard: "Carl used to be in the Cubs, but he got thrown out for playing with his toggle in front of everybody. I tell you what, the countryside scares me – it's too quiet."

Mike: "We once recorded in this studio and it was right out in the country. Richard had to drive home every night. He fears the foxes howling at night cos it sounds like someone being abruptly murdered."

Carl: "Ask me something about Rush. I know everything about Rush..."

Select: "OK. Which controversial author was the inspiration for many Rush songs?"

Carl: "Ayn Rand."

Select: "Correct. Can you complete the following Rush song title: 'Night Train To...'"

Carl: "I don't know. Oh no, I've been out-Rushed. I shall never be able to hold my head up proud in Rush circles again."

Mike: "I've been to Glastonbury five times before. I first came in 1985 – tunnelled under the fence like a black old sea-scurvy miner dog... Wahhh, wahh, wahh *[digresses with series of random ululations]*."

Richard: "We've heard that Joe Strummer's having a big bonfire later on. What could be finer? I just hope that Keith Allen's not there. I've never met him, but he seems like a wanker."

Mike: "He owes you a fiver. Complete twat – he put a football through my fence the other day... Famous World War I poet Wilfred Owen, that's what Glastonbury reminds me of. Over the top you boys... we'll all be home by Christmas."

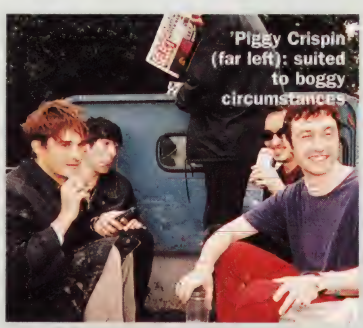
Carl: "Was it Wilfred Owen who died four days before the end of the war. Or was that Rupert Brooke?"

Richard: "What rotten luck. Rupert Brooke wrote *Memoirs Of A Fox Hunting Man*. That's a brilliant book."

Carl: "You know my dad the preacher? Cos he got so into Marilyn Manson, he made a record with us. It's a dance record, and he goes, 'Ye shall repent,' that kind of thing. It's great!"

Mike: "We're going onstage in a minute. We were going to get some plus fours, but we couldn't afford any. I'm staying afterwards, though. I'm going home on Monday, sleeping in Carl's car, sitting on a carrot. Oggy, oggy, oggy..."

ROY WILKINSON



THE LONGPIGS

TIME: SATURDAY, 4PM

Two hours after vocalist Crispin Hunt's step-dad, the arts minister Mark Fisher, gave a speech from the Pyramid Stage, his lucky son was on the back of a truck heading for the Select *signing tent.*

"We got here by car, and it was really easy because my girlfriend lives round here and knows all the back roads, so it literally took us 20 minutes. Glastonbury is supposed to be a classless thing, but they couldn't get us in here fast enough. I had a backstage pass, and my girlfriend had a medical car pass – the stewards were like, 'Here's some saintly pop stars, let them through.'

"I have been to Glastonbury four or five times before, but never to play before today. This isn't the worst I've seen it though. 1985 was muddier. The slime was up to the knees – it was like a happy version of the Somme. The Longpigs are suited to the mud – you should be able to listen to music whatever the weather. I'm gonna be here till Monday, when I'm going to another party which is just outside Glastonbury.

"There's a few bands I would like to go to. I'm going to see Primal Scream and Radiohead who I love, and Kula Shaker when I'm gonna SCOFF! Ha-ha-ha! I'm staying in a nice tent with fake Georgian windows – it's like the French Algarve, not a muddy field in Somerset.

"I missed my step-dad's speech. I'm very proud of him. He's a brilliant politician and I know his heart is in the right place. I did give him some tips about his speech though – I told him to be revolutionary."

JOHN MULLEN

DODGY

TIME: SATURDAY, 5PM

Two hours after they were originally expected at the Select *signing tent, Nigel Clark, Andy Miller and Mathew Priest finally found each other and were stuck on the back of a 4WD and taken to a massive queue of fans waiting for their autographs.*

Mathew: "Oh, The Bluetones playing on a Sunday night, I don't envy them at all. It's like, if you've not thrown any mud all weekend..."

Nigel: "I'll tell you something, this is the first time I'll ever say this and the last time, but I've got to work out with Ray Davies what he's gonna sing and what I've gotta sing when he comes on to do 'So Tired Of Waiting'."

Mathew: "Of course we've been camping out there with everyone else... you've heard we're staying in a luxury cottage? The only cottage I've seen this weekend is the cheese! On my jacket potato! With noodles!

"I saw a bit of Prodigy last night and they were too quiet. They were just whispering."

Andy: "I saw my brother and his mate. They said 'Hello' and that. They were very good."

Mathew: "Herbal ecstasy? My arse! Doesn't work! I've been told. My arse works. Our survival tips? Don't come here!"

Andy: "Keep out of the way of big lorries. Keep warm, keep breathing, and if you're gonna do with a bit of the naughties, remember everything is fine and it's just you that's doing it to you, OK? It's just in your head."

Mathew: "After the festival I'm getting *right* off my tits!"

Andy: "I'm going on holiday to Spain."

PLACEBO

TIME: FRIDAY, 6.30PM

Just before Placebo became the first band to play on the Other Stage, wee Brian Molko made it very clear he was legging it the moment they finished

"We got here by bus cos we were playing in France last night. That was really good because I've been getting into stage-diving and I was in the audience last night. You can be sure that's not gonna happen at

"But mate, we all know it's you who wears the knickers..." Andy Miller locates Mathew's little peccadillo

GILES DULEY

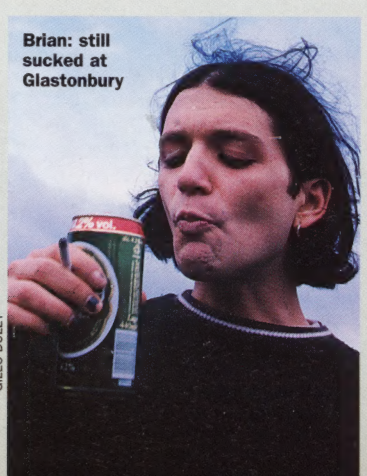
Mathew: "I'm going to go to watch Primal Scream, that's the only sort of agenda I've got. They might not turn up? BLOUSES! They wear knickers if they don't turn up!"
Andy: "Why are we playing for an hour and a half? Because we've got eleven people on stage, so everyone's got to have their instrumental bit."
Mathew: "I'm not going to do a drum solo, I'm just going to go up to the mic and talk about my childhood for ten minutes. Everyone says mud is a unifying thing that brings things together... is it fuck!"
Andy: "It's good for your skin and that's about it. There's only a few unique people actually covered in it..."
Mathew: "There's some people like that up at the Green Field... but they'd do that anyway. If there was no mud they'd probably make it themselves."
EMMA MORGAN

Glastonbury. It took us an hour and a half to get in, because every five yards we'd meet a guy in a yellow jacket saying, 'You're not playing!' and the next guy would say, 'You're playing!' so we just decided that we were and came in anyway.

"I've never been in such a big mud pit before. I feel like I'm at Woodstock or something. I'm not a festival virgin, but usually there's been some grass on the ground. To be honest, we're not a muddy kind of band – we like our creature comforts. We did get our rider, though, and our dodgy friends have turned up, and that's what's important.

"This is the first Glastonbury I've been to, and it's not as cool as I imagined because the weather is dictating the kind of fun you could have. It would be a bad place to do ecstasy because you might get into the viscosity of the mud a bit too much. We did camp at Phoenix last year when the band was on the verge of splitting up, which you could tell by the way the band positioned their tents.

"I'm not gonna wear a dress today – these trousers are staying on. I wanted to get a new dress for Glastonbury. It's a good job I didn't."
JOHN MULLEN



Brian: still sucked at Glastonbury

GILES DULEY

Pauly G: "Like a huge knob"

CHRIS TAYLOR

PAUL GALLAGHER

TIME: SATURDAY, 2PM

Non-band bro' collared prior to buying some standard Oasis issue B&H

"I came down yesterday but I came in the wrong gate and had to get straight through the crowd for Beck with a 35lb backpack on me shoulder and the tent sticking out like a huge knob. I was steaming through, knocking tons of people over. Four hours on the train and I get here to find me mates Audioweb in tears because they couldn't play since the Other Stage was shut down. It's a real shame.

"I've officially given up camping, man, at the grand old age of 31. I can't do it no more, it's terrible. See these wellies, man, £35 they cost me and it took me, like, an hour to get them off last night. I used to work in these conditions when I laid asphalt for a living. Eight, ten foot of pure mud, that's what I was working in, ten hours a day. And you get people moaning about the conditions here, dressed in stilettos and shorts... stupid, man. They want to do what I used to do, the wankers. It's alright for these country bumpkins down here, they're used to all this shit. But not us northerners, no way.

"I spoke to me brothers before I came down and they said, 'You're fuckin' mad,' and I just said, 'Yeah I know, and you're soft'. Are they coming down? Everyone's been asking me that. I mean, if you were them, would you come down? Thought not."
SAM UPTON

THE SEAHORSES

TIME: SATURDAY, MIDDAY

Having had he kind of 6am breakfast that only rock stars can get away with, Stuart Fletcher (bass) and Chris Helme (vocals) are keen to talk, having already played with Mark Radcliffe's Shirehorses earlier in the day. For safety reasons, it was still unsure at this point whether The Seahorse were going to be able to play on the Other Stage.

Chris: "It's a bit cold. We travelled over night, so we were all asleep when we got here. We had to wait ages to get on site. We woke up and saw the mud this morning. I'm glad I bought some wellies."
Stuart: "And I'm not, cos I haven't got any. It'd be nice if it was a bit warmer so you could roll about in it. I'm not into getting a cold. We had The Shirehorses this morning, so that cheered us up."
Chris: "We're in on the gag. We openly endorse it, actually. They took the piss out of Hanson – your plums haven't dropped or something like that – and they were like *[adopts uppity voice]* 'Oh, yes, we think it's funny but don't do it again.' Like they were gonna sue or something. The Shirehorses were the reason the second stage shut down? *[Laughs]* It's 90 per cent certain that we'll be playing. Yeah, I know it was sinking on Wednesday. I'd better not jump about too much. It's like the First World War, isn't it?"
Stuart: "This is my first Glastonbury, so what a way to start. But I've been looking forward to it so much that it's still alright. As long as everything's on circuit breaker, we'll be alright onstage. I don't quite fancy electrocuting myself."
Chris: "I hope the stage sinks while we're on it. No, John *[Squire]* doesn't feel the same way, but we'll go down in history as the band that sunk at Glastonbury. I wanna hang around, but I've gotta go to London tomorrow and then me and John are off to Japan and Los Angeles to do promotion. Glastonbury the year before last was fantastic. I kind of overdosed on watching bands and ended up wandering round off me head staring at the inflatable dinosaurs. You can get addicted to Glastonbury time after a while, and you don't want to go home and go to bed. You worry about missing stuff.

"I had to sing at eight o'clock this morning for Mark Radcliffe. I got up at half six and I was the only one that turned up – everyone else that was supposed to come couldn't be arsed to get out of their tents. John's in the bus looking at the new video *['Blinded By The Sun']*. It's us floating in space. It was shot against a blue screen and we were hanging in the air on wires which cut off all your circulation. We were up there for 30 minutes and at the same time I'm lip-synching and trying to chase the camera. Doing four things at once."
Stuart: "I had a fishing wire round me shoulder to suspend me guitar. Y'know, this time last year we were all in the Lake District writing songs. Living on cheese."
Chris: "They used to fill the fridge up with lager and cheese. Of course, three months later we'd all put on three stone. It got to the point where we were drinking this shitty cooking sherry. Drinking that and playing on the Sega until five in the morning."
Stuart: "Martin *[Squire's guitar tech]* ended up cooking us wine-soaked poached pears. He loves cooking does Martin."
Chris: "Later this summer, we're gonna be doing this festival at the foot of Mount Fuji in Japan. Japan's first proper rock festival, apparently, in a national park. But it's got a 9pm curfew. Because of the animals. The birds need their sleep."
GARETH GRUNDY

Chris and Stuart after a breakfast of champions

IN THE MUD WITH

RIP

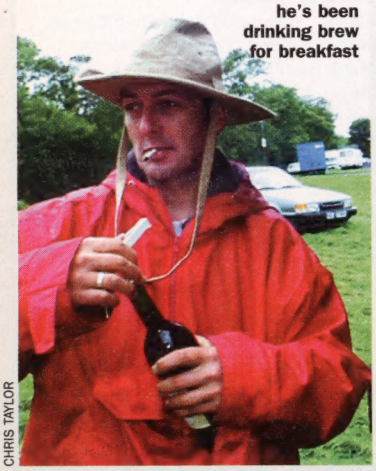
Tom and Ed: on the verge of giving it some welly

JOE STRUMMER

TIME: FRIDAY, DAWN

Ex-Clash frontman and Glasto regular Joe has settled around a roaring campfire with his extended family. Several bottles of vodka and crazy cigs are circulating the flames.

Joe: "Come and join us. Get warm from the fire. That's what it's for, to keep the people warm. And we have music. This is a compilation we bought in the service station. It's called 'Totally Reggae' or something. It's got everyone on here: Lee Perry, Dillinger – 'Cokane In My Brain'. If you asked me if I had that, even on a tiny piece of tape, I wouldn't be able to say yes. But now I have it. It only cost £1.99, man,



El Strummero: he's been drinking brew for breakfast

CHRIS TAYLOR

but I'd pay £199 for it."

Somebody else: "Yugoslavia!"

Joe: "This geezer came here, and he had this fantastic tent that looked like a huge cymbal case. And he unzipped it, and it all popped up. Of course, the wind threw it in his face. But he got the manual for the tent out, and he's doing, like, Part A to Part B. I thought, I've got to help that bloke. But then he started to get on top of it, and I couldn't believe it – he got it back in the bag and zipped the bag up, and said, 'No way. It's better in the bag.' That's sensible, man.

"As you can see, in front of us we've got a tree that's 40 feet high, and it had a huge branch sheared off about an hour ago. Snapped. That branch is lying there, and we can't pick it up. Four men can't pick it up. It just broke off the tree and clonked down there where it now lies.

"And look at our miserable selection of tents and look up there. That is a well pitched site. These are abysmal conditions: not only is it completely overcast and the wind is howling like a tornado, but you've got rain in your face and there's terrible black clouds scudding really fast over our heads.

"But as long as we get this fire going, we can somehow operate. We've got over the worst now. I was thinking this morning, we've got kids here. We've got two-year-olds, five-year-olds – but they're having a great time. We've got Bez from Happy Mondays, and Cressa, and Dermo. From Northside? No, he's one of Bez's posse. We've been meeting up with Bez's posse lately, and doing this kind of kit. Getting a fire going in adverse conditions. We have to be able to do this. We will beat this quagmire!

[Gestures towards open-backed van filled to the roof with logs] "We've brought our own wood. That's how to do it. I collected it from a village near here during the Great Storm of 1987 and kept it for this moment. This guy was here earlier and we were burning this wood up, and he just said the name of the village. I was like, what? And he said it again. And I'm like, 'Do you know the place?' And he goes, 'Yeah, that's where I was brought up and that's exactly what the smell of your fire reminds me of'. Fucking hell, it's amazing what our minds retain, isn't it? Such strange devices!

"Actually, listen to this. Do you know who the first DJ was? He was the highest paid official in the court of Henry VIII, and his job was to assess the King's mood and then to choose what wood to put on the fire. So if Henry was fucking pissed off and about to have another of his wives' head chopped off, he'd lay on some pine, say, to bring him down a bit, chill him out. But then if Henry was getting drunk and rowdy, he'd choose the oak to mellow him out. He'd order in stock, trying to guess how things would go in the weeks ahead – I'll have some beech and a double load of oak, oh and an extra bit of pine, just in case. So he was like the first DJ, man, the original selector.

[Fetches more logs, places them carefully on the fire and inhales deeply] "Bark is brilliant, isn't it? *[gazes proudly at the flames, then looks around]* We will beat this quagmire! Without doubt!"

IAN HARRISON/ANDREW PERRY

CHEMICAL BROTHERS

TIME: SATURDAY, 4.30PM

Glasto veterans Ed Simons and Tom Rowlands are cold-chillin' backstage with their first ale.

Tom: "We only got on the site about ten minutes ago, and look, my brother's fucked already. *[Tom's younger brother raises his head briefly and slumps back down on the grass]* That's his first beer, too. *[Looks towards Pyramid stage]* Hey, where's the fucking windmill gone? I used to like that."

Ed: "Last time, it was so hot I woke up in the morning and you could fry an egg on my chest."

Tom: "We've been here before, putting up our tent. We always wanted to play here and now we're doing it. The bus is five miles up there. Practically at Glastonbury station, so we had to walk all the way up here."

Ed: "It's like that bit in *Spinal Tap* where they're looking for the way to the stage from the dressing room. When we were in America, we saw this version where they explain exactly where the jokes came from. And that bit came from Alice Cooper. He was trying to find the stage, and he walked into a tennis match. Vitas Gerulaitis playing tennis.

"We've just been out in LA playing with The Offspring. They're massive out there, everyone was going mental, and then at the end the singer goes, 'Everyone throw your rubbish onstage!' And, like, all these Americans started throwing all their rubbish onstage – hamburgers, beer and just every kind of rubbish there is. After they came off, looking from the back of the stage, there was this slope in the middle – all this crap.

"Our sound guy's got all this fantastic gear. It's really precious to him, and it was covered in burgers, bottles, Twinky wrappers... He went completely ballistic. He grabs this microphone which went out over the whole PA and starts shouting in this broad Mancunian accent, 'You fucking American c***s, you're the scum of the fucking earth, you're gonna get killed, you fucking wankers'... So then we're waiting to come on, and it's like, 'Now from Manchester, England...'"

Tom: "I hope people don't throw mud at us here."

Ed: "This year, I've heard the Ministry of Agriculture have sent down people to take soil samples back to the labs, because they're worried that we're susceptible to topsoil diseases. They want to know what they're going to have to deal with, and they'll bring down the antidotes. I like that aspect of government when they get together to look after people's health."

Tom: "The old government wouldn't've done that."

Ed: "But look, I've got our own label wellies on, Freestyle Dust wellies. Our trainers are stuck on the bus. This is the main thing that's going through our mind – can we play in wellies?"

ANDREW PERRY

ASH

TIME: SATURDAY, 3.30PM

Having arrived the day before, Ash were in fine festival form, bassist Mark Hamilton, especially, having availed himself of one too many V2s.

Mark: "I was walking around the site and there was this bit of mud and it started moving. i just stood there looking at it and suddenly this bloke jumped up like a... *[thinks for a bit]* crocodile and all you could see was the whites of his eyes and he started running towards us. One of us had a banana and he started shouting 'Give us a bit of your banana, banana, banana!' Turned out he was from Dublin. I didn't know him, though. It's been good. When we got here everyone seemed really, you know *[pulls miserable face]*, but today people are going for it. They're getting over it. We all are."

Rick: "What's Tim been up to? I wouldn't like to speak for Tim. No! I just wouldn't like to say what he's doing at the moment. I feel that I would be putting words in his mouth. I refuse to comment."

Mark: "You know that whole *Select Star Wars* thing? That's been mad. We just hope that... It would be really good to, not be on the soundtrack with orchestras and shit and not those 'soundtrack inspired by the motion picture' things, but it would be really good to have one of those walk-on parts, you know, in the sequel. Maybe. I'd like that."

Clearly, Mark Hamilton (left) is none too well

GILES DULEY

Rick: "We've just been to see the Dolls who were fantastic."

Mark: "I'm trying very hard to get there. I'm really trying..."

Rick: "Er, we might go and see Primal Scream with soul brother Bobby G..."

Mark: "I'm gonna see the Chemicals and then Primal Scream and be at that point where everyone is, you know, peaking and then I'll go to the *Select* tent because, apparently, that is the place to be. Then I'll probably end up in a ditch, or a tree."

Rick: "I just want to get some sleep."

ANDREW MALE

This Film's Crap, Let's Slash The Mud!

Slurry up! The movie's about to start! But what untold strangeness awaits in Glastonbury's cinema spaces?

MATILDA
Friday evening, cinema tent

The tale of a child prodigy, persecuted by an evil headmistress, played somewhat chillingly by Ma Larkin from *The Darling Buds Of May*. The tent is more like a giant crèche at this stage, with parents eagerly buying popcorn for their kiddies to make up for bringing them to a war-zone. Dissent is not treated lightly.

"Mum, why can't we watch this on video at home?"

"Shut up and eat your tahini burger."

The little monkeys do eventually warm to the film's oddball sense of humour. "The best bit was when the teacher made the fat kid eat a cake made out of sweat," said Amy Buckley, aged nine. Ah, children. They say such sweet things.

TWIN TOWN
Friday pm, outside screen

It seems that every Welsh festival-goer is here to see Kevin Allen's bizarre revenge tragedy, which also has lots of jazz-baccy references. There must be something in the hardy Glendower temperament that makes you sit in a muddy field to watch a film you can see down the Cardiff multiplex for £2.50.

The Welsh, post-*Town*

"There's hardly any Welsh bands on this year, just the Dolls and Gorky's, so this makes up for it a bit," says Robert Powell, a rather confused student at Swansea. Isn't he cold?

"Oh yeah, I'm fucking freezing."

FARGO
Saturday am, cinema tent

The Coens' masterly murder mystery is a bit wasted on these poor sods. People have brought their sleeping bags, obviously now rueing not having bought a tent.

Many come to regret their decision to snooze here. Every so often the laid-back drama explodes into vomit-inducing violence, causing people to sit bolt upright and be greeted with the sight of a bloke being put through a mincer. Some people enjoy it, though. "It's a great Glastonbury film. In the film everyone is up to their knees in snow, and everyone here is up to their knees in mud," reckons Lindsay Burke, aged 27. "Except the mud isn't white."

WITHNAIL & I
Saturday pm, cinema tent

The story of two city types who take a trip to the country to indulge in admirable hedonism could almost have been custom-made for Glasters. And the packed tent love it, applauding famous lines in the manner of people watching *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (fave quote: "I want something's flesh!"). A few people are playing the infamous drinking game where you match the pair drink for drink, though sadly most wuss out when it comes to lighter fluid. One crustoid attempts to make a Camberwell Carrot in the same time that it takes Danny the Dealer, with pitiful results.

Right! Time to catch a chicken!

TRAINSPOTTING
Saturday pm, outside screen

In the wake of the post-Primal Scream/Radiohead high, everyone is in too good a mood to appreciate the darker elements of Renton's horse-play, so the film becomes a good excuse for a singalong. 'Perfect Day', 'Temptation', 'Mile End' – all are given the karaoke treatment from the Glastonbury massive. One thing that puts a slight downer on events is the sight of a voluminous syringe on the vast cinema screen impregnating Renton's skin in terribly agonising slow motion. "Fuck me, that's horrible... that's so horrible," says one startled viewer.

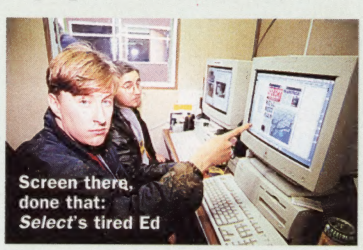
JOHN MULLEN

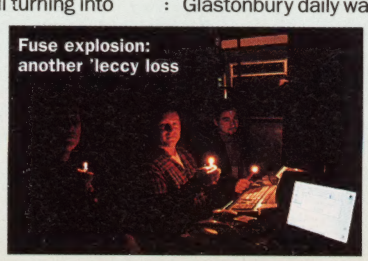
Three Times A Daily

How the happily sleepless Select team brought Glastonbury its on-site newspaper – and lived

It seemed like a ripping idea at the time: relocate the *Select* office – or part of it, at least – to Worthy Farm, link it via an ISDN line to a printer in Bristol, and arrange for Glastonbury's temporary city to have their own daily newspaper. Kicking back in the blazing English sunshine, filing a few news stories, keeping the HQ clear of errant Primal Scream associates... what could be easier?

On Thursday afternoon, unfortunately, it was all turning into what people over 40 tend to call 'a job of work'. In the midst of the festival's rain-induced chaos, the *Select* Portakabin was without electricity. Worse still, the imperative to get the newspaper out was heightened by the fact that the Glastonbury daily was turning into a much-needed means of communication.


Screen there, done that: *Select*'s tired Ed


Fuse explosion: another 'leccy loss

Volts were eventually restored, and the front page story agreed on: a quick resumé of the conditions and what to do if you'd become a victim of them. A little levity was allowed (witness the celebratory 'No Stilt Walkers' story on the front page), but what with the vibe-threatening conditions and a brief flurry of pickpocketing, the *Select* daily started to feel like something of a vital on-site service.

A worthy read: papers [illegible] farm

The following morning, 15,000 copies eventually found their way on to the site, once the lorry driver had got his bearings. On Saturday (front page story: 'Other Stage Dives'), the print run was doubled. The power cuts continued, there were regular panic attacks about how to distribute so many papers when it was very hard to go 100 yards for some falafels, but God – in addition to 50 distribution volunteers – seemed to be on our side.

By Sunday, in fact, as our on-site operatives downloaded a digital aerial view picture for the front page and Michael Eavis dropped by for his front-page interview (headline: 'We'll Meet Again'), it had all started to feel a little like a regular day job, given a surreal twist on account of a few specialised techniques.

Glasto journalism, for example, relies on a crucial walkie-talkie link between someone watching the last band on the Pyramid Stage and the hapless unfortunate stationed at a computer keyboard ("They've just played 'Fake Plastic Trees'! Over!"). It also depends on the ability to simultaneously man a phone-line, meddle with a fuse box and try and forget about the fact that meeting pop stars while wearing green wellies and binmen trousers is a bit demeaning.

Still, we'd gladly do it all again. Really...

JOHN HARRIS

Tabloid of the manor: Eavis carries the news

● Congratulations to Mani Floyd, winner of *Select*'s competition to design a T-shirt and programme logo for this year's Glastonbury. Mani's cow-centric motif netted him £1000 and – more importantly – the chance for this teenage Glastonbury veteran to stamp his mark on festival culture. Ree-speck.

The Man In The White Suit

This was officially the muddiest Glastonbury ever. We know, because we tested it. Intrigued by the varying levels of filth coating us all, Select swore to divine the precise cleanliness/stained velocity. To this end we sent the intrepid *John Mullen* out into the arena in his poshest white togs for ten minutes. This is how the shit went down...

1 The Man gurns distastefully at the unholy slum which surrounds him.

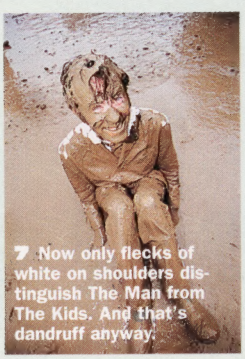
2 "See? It's not that deep. Gurgle!"

4 In a vain attempt to disguise his unhygiene, The Man conceals his "skids" with an all-purpose publication.

3 Even an evilly abused filth-guinea pig is allowed relief for a spot of tiffin.

5 Ha ha! Only to be cast into the mire! Note look of genuine horror on subject's face.

6 "Hey, this mud's so deep I can actually see my own reflection.... oof! Splash!"



7 Now only flecks of white on shoulders distinguish The Man from The Kids. And that's dandruff anyway.

8 This was your reflection at 8pm every day. Even the girls.

Select's Glastonbury coverage was gathered on-site by (back, from left) Claire Blake, John Mullen, Emma Morgan, Ian Harrison, Andrew Male, Andrew Perry, Sam Upton, John Harris, Roy Wilkinson, Gareth Grundy, Graham Grieg (front) Caitlin Moran and Pete Lawson. Not in the picture, but troopers all the same, were Andy 'man of steel' Fyfe, Eddy Lawrence, Mick Hutson, Giles Duley, Rip, Keith Drummond, Chris Taylor, Dave Henderson and John Moore – all of whom were stranded by the Pennine Pizza Bus. Additional thanks to Katherine Allen, Maddy Ballantyne, Anna Hyde, Joe Strummer and those responsible for the *Select* bedouin tent – and a big up to Michael and Jean Eavis and the organisers of Glastonbury '97. And so, quite frankly, to bed.

SELECT MAGAZINE